

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Mrs. Mountfort at the
Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

AS a Young Lawyer many Years will drudge,
In hopes at last to be a Lazy Judge ;
And as a Statesman shows a busie Face,
To SNEAK, or Rail himself into a Place :
So a Young Actress strives your Hearts t'ingage,
That some kind Man may take her off the Stage.
Were it my Lot, I'm thinking where to choose,
And who wou'd best become the Marriage Noose :
Criticks abhor it, Beaus the least are fit,
Who more want Manhood, tho' they much want Wit.
A Country Squire wou'd do, Some Loving Hound,
That's Bailiff to his Wife, and tills her Ground ;
But then an Active Lass finds small Delight
In One who drinks all Day, and snores all Night.
A Collonel I cou'd like, *that loves the War*,
One that is absent from me half the Year ;
Returns with Plunder laden, and full Pay,
But in two Months he'll game it all away.
In short, I think, tho' that's a standing Jest,
A foolish, plodding, *Cheapside* Husband's best ;
For City Wives are grown most COURTLY HIGH,
And Mourning wear when Foreign Princes die,
Tho' *lately* they have found it to their Cost,
Many have Mourn'd their Husbands Credit lost.

But e'er my self to such a Pitch I rate,
 Let my good Acting first deserve that Fate:
 A P H O E N I X once you had, That each allows, [*Sighing.*
 Think from Her Ashes I, I Only rose;
 Like Her no Pains I'll spare, like Her to last,
 And please in various Ways your various Taste;
 Believe me, Promising, tho' Young and Wild,
 And for the Mother's Worth support the Child.

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